

*A. 1880. 8. 2. 4.*  
REMARKS

ON

Mr. Richard Bolton's

PIECE,

CONCERNING

The Heat of the BLOOD.

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*An Mercurium Congelasti? An quid aliud  
vanitatis? nunc maxime à proposito longe es;  
semper rebus aliquid defuerit, dolis nihil. At  
si quoties te ista fefellerint, recogitas: Si de  
hâc re vicinos interrogas, nisi tu vel ultro te fal-  
lis, facile deprehendes quorsum his præstigiis  
credendum sit.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed; and sold by John Shelmerdine,  
Bookseller, in Manchester, 1698.

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## REMARKS, &amp;c.

I Have perused, Sir, your wonderful Discoveries about the Heat of the Blood, and find you think Fire is not actually hot in it self, but only as it affects the Sensory; and by this way of arguing, I may as well argue there is not one Scholar in the University of *Oxford*, and for the self-same Reason you assign, to wit, because I see 'em not. And truly, Sir, were they all composed of such nitro-fulphureous elastick Particles as your self, the Assertion would prove true. But I hope the old Element still retains its connate Quality, and the most famous University a genuine Off-spring. By the won-  
 A 2                      derful

derful Discoveries you have been able to make, you have made it a Demonstration *à priori*, that a Pig ~~is~~ not an Elephant, nor a Mouse ~~is~~ a Cheesemonger, tho' she lives by him, nor your self a Professor of the Chair, tho' you have the Effrontery to dictate like one. But, Sir, since your Genius leads you to such immature Discoveries, be pleased to solve these following *Phænomena*. 'Tis observed that *Irish* Men are most of 'em Fools, and the Reason assigned, is, That the Pressure of the *Circumambient Atmosphere* makes their Brains fly out at their Nostrils. Your Friend *Gideon Harvey* took a great deal of pains to shew why a Dog loves to lick the *Pudenda* of a Salt Bitch; and



and if you can but solve this wonderful *Phenomenon*, why a Bull upon the like Occasion purses up his Nostrils, it will entitle you to more Learning than yet you have manifested you are master of, and will oblige the World, and your Brother *Pantagruel*, who made such wonderful Discoveries in *Rabelais's* Memoirs. I have one thing more to remind you, and that is, That our Cooks dish up well *Scotch Collops*, and if you can but inform 'em how to lard the animal Spirits, which you assert are a sweet oily Mucilage, 'twill further demonstrate you have beyond Mankind a *Crassa Minerva*; or if you please, a fat Head, or an oily-nitro-salino-aereal-sulphureous Cockloft.

But were they as you assert, how  
 48 comes it to pass that a Nerve will  
 not swell above the straitest Liga-  
 ture, or any of this Mucilage di-  
 still from it upon section, or cannot  
 by pressure be squeezed from it,  
 it being of a clammy Consistence?  
 If such a Mucilage did circulate  
 through the Nerves, no doubt but  
 some of these would happen. Your  
 wonderful categorial Head, with-  
 out the least shew of Proof, has  
 endeavour'd to convince the World,  
 that the Brain, that Metropolis in  
 the Microcosm, by the influence of  
 the animal Spirits, heats the Blood  
 by the Glandules, those emunctor-  
 ies of the Body; and I may with  
 as much reason affirm, that *White-*  
*ball*, the noblest part in that vast  
 City,

City, to wit, *London*, was lately burned by the Effluvia of a Bog-house. Sir, there is not one Notion in your Book, barring the little *Nova Atlanta* of your own Head, but what is taken either from Dr. *Gibson*, Dr. *Willis*, Mr. *Boyle*, Dr. *Mayow*, Dr. *Connor*, Monsieur *le Grand*, or the *Exercitationes quinque*, lately printed at *Oxford*, and therefore I was amazed to see such an *Imprimatur* to so notorious a Plagiary, but presume the Cripple wanted a Pass to travel by. One great Mystery you have discover'd, why Flame naturally ascends, to wit, because, as you alledge, 'tis for the most part the nature of it to do so; which is as much as to say, Mr. *Bolton* for the most part

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naturally talks like a Child, because  
 it is not in his nature to do other-  
 wise. You have likewise explain'd  
 how it may be said naturally to  
 descend, to wit, when it cannot  
 get upwards ; which amounts to  
 no more than if you had informed  
 the World, That had the Confe-  
 derate Army only made use of  
 Duck Shot, they had ne'er been  
 masters of the Castle of *Namur*.  
 And in that wonderful Discovery  
 you have found out the *Rationale*,  
 how an expert School-Boy, with  
 a good Ball and a hard Flag, can  
 sometimes count to 300 Rebounds.  
 Your next Advance, I suppose,  
 will be about Cob-nuts and Mar-  
 bles. • In one place you assert, Fire  
 is not actually hot, but as it affects  
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the Sensory ; in another place you say, the motion of the vital Spirits cause not the Heat of the Blood, but produce a Sensation of Heat. Good Sir, be pleased to reconcile these Contradictions, and if you can, divide betwixt the North and North-West side of a Hair ; for, any thing you have yet offer'd, *Diemerbrook* may be still in the right of it. Nor have you fully replied to Dr. *Henshaw* ; for I think you are the first Man that ever discovered cold Chyle in the Body of a living Animal, which I suppose is the greatest Discovery in Anatomy you are able to pretend to. Sir, whether your Name be any of those you mention, to wit, *Thomas, Robert, or William*, it concerns

concerns not me, but I am pretty well satisfied all the Names in *Europe* cannot give you the constituent Parts of a Philosopher. You assert, the Heat of the Blood proceeds from a swift intestine motion of its Particles. Now I believe you will be as hard set to explain intestine Motion as a Quaker to explain what he means by the Spirit within him.

You likewise assert Attrition to be the Cause of Fermentation, and Fermentation the Cause of Attrition, which is as much as to say, you are the Son of your Father, and your Father Son to you, but I rather fear an Author about the ~~as~~ Growth of a Mushroom. Your metaphorical Glands are properly  
so



so called ; for I am very well satisfied there are not any such things really in *rerum Natura* ; the animal Spirits you assert to be in the form of a Mucilage, and you may as well affirm a Rose to be in the Surface of a Cow-Turd, and the one I believe as truly as the other. You likewise assert they are oily and sulphureous, because the Brain by being exposed to the Air will soon grow foetid. I doubt not, Sir, but you know what else will, but hope you will not ransack each Close-stool to demonstrate the Existence of animal Spirits. You have likewise told us of the way of grinding animal Spirits into smaller parts ; so that in your next I suppose we may be informed how

how *Diego* with his *Spanish* Geese went to the World of the Moon, or how a *Spanish* Genet may be made pregnant by a Hurricane.

P. 99. you say you have explained an Account of the Heat of the Blood, without any manner of Proof, and in that you say true.

P. 105. Spirit of Wine and Oil of Turpentine will turn to an actual Flame by being mixt together. Here the Plagiary has mistaken the Mixture ; for it ought to be Spirit of Nitre and Oil of Turpentine : see the late *Exercitationes quinque*, Printed at Oxford : But he that ventures at all things, and is master of few, is certain to be caught, and it had been much better for him to have sate still  
than

than rise up and fall. But let not this Absurdity be published from *Orford*, or from the Presidents and Censors, those Representatives of the College, since 'tis certain a Mixture of these two, to wit, Spirit of Wine and Oil of Turpentine, neither grow hot nor turn to an actual Flame, but to a white Liquor not unlike Milk or Chyle, which may remind the Youth, before he write again, to wipe his Mother's Milk off his Chin. But this Mistake might easily slip the Vicechancellor, his Talent I presume not leading him to Experimental Learning, besides his great Affairs not permitting, and I would hope the President and Censors never perused the Copy : And as  
for

for his Patron, Dr. *Angel* of *Chester*, they best know how matters were betwixt 'em. P. 117. your next Discovery to suppress Heat in Fevers, is either to take down the animal Spirits by withdrawing the *Pabulum*, or by Acids, or by cooling and fixing the predominant Spirits, and evacuating other accessory Causes; which amounts to no more than this, that if a Man have a Fever, we must use some means to recover him, but which to take I am afraid the Youth knows not, but perhaps knows as well how to fix the animal Spirits as the wise Men of *Gotham* did to hedge in the Cuckow. P. 126. The sulphureous volatile parts of the animal Spirits are, I suppose,



suppose, Sir, beyond your Apprehension: But, good Sir, how do you make out the Composition of the Spirits? No more for ought I can see than a Country Piper that plays all the Notes of *Roger a Coverley*, all the mechanical Blasts of the *Aspera Arteria*. P. 127. I would gladly know what you mean by Acidity joining with Acrimony, and how you will make out, that in Fevers the Blood is too much exalted with Sulphur, when in malignant Fevers 'tis evident the Pulse is most commonly depressed and languid, which doubtless would not be were the Blood too much exalted with Sulphur. P. 135. Where the Blood ferments, there the Fermentation is caused, but demonstrate the place, and do not assert all things and prove nothing. P. 139. He gives an Account of the Expansion of the Spirits, but that was before alledged by Dr. *Morton*; and in answer to that I refer him to the *Exercitationes quinque*, Printed at *Oxford*, where he may see in what manner they can be most properly said to expand 'emselves. Lastly, Sir,  
your

your repeated Word *Grand* demonstrates to the World you had a Windmill, not an *Aristotle* in your Head. P. 192. Air would hinder Circulation, and disturb the Blood, wherefore it mixeth not with it. What are the Bladders of the Lungs impleted with? And if so, how come some Airs to be Pestilential, others Scorbutick? 'Tis plain this would not be if the Particles of Air mixed not with the Blood. Yet this we see confirmed by daily Experience. But in what you have informed us concerning the use of the Lungs, if we compare the Authors that have written on it, it is not so much as that of the Satyr, that with the same Breath could warm his Fingers and cool his Broth. Wherefore, good Sir, be pleased to stay till you are Master of *Smiglecus*, and then, if not for an Author, you may set up for a *Nego Minorem*.

F I N I S.



